

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke  
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my Daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,

If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my yong Mistrisse this I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,

This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.

Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,

And hee repel'd a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,

And all wee mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*Quee.* It may bee very like.

*Pol.* Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,  
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,  
When it prou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade mee, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

*King.* How may wee try it forther?

*Pol.* You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.

*Quee.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Quee.* Soe he does indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And bee not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* Wee will trye it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away. *Exit King and Quee.*

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you know me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being  
a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't,

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he  
knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truely in my yecuth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very  
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my  
Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord,

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders sir; for the satericall rogue saies here, that old  
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes  
purging thick Amber, & plum-tree gum, & that they haue a plen-  
tiffull

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